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For The Child's Paper.

"AND Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Mark 12: 41-44.

I am glad this poor woman came in just as she did. I am glad she did not stop, look at her mites, and say, "There is no use in my giving only these." I am glad she did not look at her little family, and say, "I must not rob my children." I am glad she did not look at her rich neighbors, and say, "They will not expect me to give." Because, if she had, St. Mark could not have told us how the Lord loves littles. He does not love *stingy* littles, or *careless* littles, or *grudging* littles. If we give him *such* littles, we cannot expect his favor or approval, "for God loves a

cheerful giver." This poor woman gave him her *little all*; and it was the "all" that pleased the Lord, whether little or much, because God loves to be trusted, not half way, but wholly.

Did you ever hear of the poor woman who gave her teakettle? Perhaps not. Well, she did. She was poor and old, and lived with her son, who never gave her a cent. She had not much comfort in anybody but God: he comforted her; and she took great delight in praising him and praying. She was never tired of saying, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And it pleased her to hear the minister tell about preaching Christ to the heathen, and getting the little black children into Jesus' fold; and she wished she could do something. The minister asked her one day if she had not her widow's mite to give. "Come in two weeks," said she, "and see."

Well, she thought and thought where she should get it, and quite likely wondered how the poor widow in the Bible got hers. She was past earning it, and besides, she lived on the edge of the pine woods, where money was scarce. One night

as she lay praying and thinking, she thought of an old brass teakettle there was up garret, under the eaves of the house, and the next morning she went and found it among the dust and rubbish of years. It was *her* teakettle. She took it under her shawl to the blacksmith's shop, and there sold it for—how much do you think? Twenty-five cents! When the minister came back in two weeks, she put them into the Lord's treasury, and how happy and thankful she was. It was one of those "little alls" very dear to the heart of God.

Then you know how the "two mites" gained, according to God's arithmetic. "This poor widow," said Jesus, "cast in more than they all;" for "two mites" added to love, and multiplied by faith, and that multiplied again and again and again by prayer, will run up very fast; I expect, faster than we can count, or see to count. Nor can we see the answer, but God can. It is in a rich revenue of blessing—a treasure laid up on high.

Is it not comforting, children, to think God will take our "little alls?" What are you going to do with your "two mites?" Do not spend them foolishly; do not spend them carelessly. I will tell you what to do. Put "For Christ's sake" on them, and cast them into God's treasury. Let him use them for carrying on his great and blessed kingdom, and you will never be sorry for that—never, never.

For The Child's Paper.

THINKING ABOUT JESUS.

Little Mary had been one night a long time in her trundle-bed when her mother heard her crying. "Mary," said her mother, "what is the matter?" "Oh, mother," she replied, "I have been thinking about Jesus, and it makes me so happy that I cannot help crying." If it is so pleasant to think about Jesus, that tears of joy will come, what will it be to go to heaven and live with him for ever?

Another night Mary awoke her papa, saying, "I want to tell papa something." "Lie still and tell in the morning," said papa. As soon as morning light came to the window, Mary said, "Papa, if God can't take me to heaven, I hope he will leave a little hole into heaven, so that I can see him."

F. H. H.

A boy was once urged by his playmates to take some ripe cherries from a tree which his father did not want touched.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father found it out, he is so kind he would n't hurt you."

"That's the very reason why I would not touch them," replied the boy. "It is true my father may not hurt me, but my disobedience I know would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than any thing else."

ONE of the most hardened prisoners of Newgate, when she was brought to the feet of Jesus, said that it was Mrs. Fry's *look of love* that first led her to hope that she might be saved. How powerful is kindness!

For The Child's Paper.

HARRY went to his uncle's blacksmith shop. He was sorry to leave his books; but his uncle thought books made blockheads of boys, and was not satisfied till he got Harry out of school and into his shop. "Mother," said he, "then there will be no chance of my getting an education." His mother thought the chance was small; but the poor widow did not dare to interfere with her brother-in-law, who promised Harry's father on his death-bed to look out for his son. Harry had no taste for the smithy, and that the boys knew; so one of them gave him this bit of advice:

"Show your uncle you *don't* care. I wouldn't learn. Be as bungling and make all the mistakes you can; make believe you can't learn. Then he'll be glad to ship you off."

"Never!" cried Harry, indignantly. "I shall try to be as faithful as I can. I should dishonor God, dishonor my mother, dishonor my father's memory by such conduct."

The boy turned on his heel, and Harry went to his work. He found many a spare moment, and these he thought he might improve by reading or



study. But the head workman did not like that. He did not like any boys very well, and a reading boy he heartily despised. "Pity's the mare that is shod by a stickler to his books," he said. Very likely he complained to Henry's uncle, for his uncle presently made it very plain that books got into the wrong place when they got into the smithy. "You can't do two things at a time," said the old blacksmith, "no how." Harry pleaded the spare moments, but uncle did not allow there should be any spare moments in business; so poor Harry was quite cut off. It was a disappointment, a great one. But he cheerfully gave up his taste and his ardent wishes, and tried to be a first-class smith.

Harry lived at home, between two and three miles off, and he used to bring his dinner in a tin pail. The dinner-hour then was his own time, and as an algebra or Latin grammar was usually a part of the contents of the pail, he used to go out under an old elm, not far from the shop, and there feed his hungry mind as well as body. His uncle observed it, and saw too how careful he was not to steal business hours.

"That's a good boy," said the old man many times to himself. He found also how intelligent and observing he was. That did not touch his heart, however. "Plenty of bright boys," he used to say to himself; "but faithfulness is a scarce article—a scarce article."

To make a long story short, in the end Harry won the day. Uncle loved Harry. "And, Harry," he said at the close of his second year at the smithy,

"I've been two years weighing you, and have n't found you wanting. You may get an education, and I'll help you along. You'll do good with it, I'll be bound."

What a happy, thankful day was that. Before honor is humility. Harry went through a full course of education, and he now fills a high and responsible post in the government. There is no stain on his integrity. Every duty he discharges he accepts as from God's hand, feeling that to him one day he must render his account. That sets all right. To honor God by a faithful and godly life is stamped upon every day he lives; and everybody who knows him, feels that him who honors God, God will honor.

For The Child's Paper.

THE FIRST VICTORY.

Our boys are full of fight. That is good, if it is on the right side. But remember, boys, your first victory must be a victory over yourself. Some soldiers objected to their colonel in command because, they said, "he could not command himself." No person that cannot do that, is fit to command others.

Two strands in the threefold cord which bound together Kane and his little crew were the strands of self-conquest; they were these—no swearing and no drinking. Master yourself, and you can do brave deeds.

The heroic young officer Elmer Ellsworth began his brilliant career with self-conquest. When he and his band of Zouaves emerged from Chicago and astonished the country by their wonderful evolutions, old officers, with long experience in military drill, looked with delighted surprise on the precision, promptness, vigor, and obedience of their well-trained muscles. How was it done? They had first conquered their appetites. Not a drop of wine or beer or cider was drank; no smoking or chewing was allowed—nothing to unman manly health and vigor. These indulgences weaken. They slowly but surely enfeeble the body and the mind. Let your first battles be waged against temptations to self-indulgence, against bad habits, if they have their claws on you. This will prepare you for a brave and noble life, and fit you for either camp or council.

For The Child's Paper.

A PERILOUS NIGHT.

Have you visited New York, or Brooklyn, the beautiful city across the river, where tens of thousands of the business men of New York have their homes? It is called the city of churches. Eighty-five years ago, Brooklyn was woods, hills, swamps, creeks, and cornfields, a cluster of rude houses with but one church. This church Washington appointed as the rallying spot of his broken army in the darkest night of the Revolution.

The battle of Brooklyn, or battle of Long Island as it is called in history, was one of the hardest fought of the revolutionary battles, and the most disastrous. Col. Hazlet's well-armed and well-disciplined Delaware regiment, Lord Stirling's brigade of Southrons, Smallwood's gallant Marylanders in scarlet and buff, the bold yeomanry of Connecticut in their homespun jerkins, all under brave old General Putnam, fought side by side, heart and hand with each other in their love of country and of freedom.

Washington's camp was at New York. On the 27th of August, 1776, the booming of cannon and volleys of musketry were heard in the direction of Brooklyn. The enemy had landed on Long Island. Five ships of the line hove in sight, trying to beat up the bay. Were they to cannonade or capture the city? New York was filled with terror. Happily a head wind baffled the ships, and Washington, seeing no immediate danger, crossed the ferry and galloped to the scene of action. A terrible conflict was going on. The little army was attacked on three sides, and was fighting desperately. Washington gained a rise of land, and saw at a glance the perils of his men. Some were trampled down by the English cavalry; others bayoneted without mercy by the bloody Hessians;

some made a stand behind rocks and trees; others were cutting a retreat beset by foes. At the sight Washington wrung his hands in agony. "Good God," he cried, "what brave fellows. I must lose this day!" Two thousand were killed and taken prisoners. The wounded and dying were brought within the entrenchments, but they had neither tents nor shelter.

Night set gloomily in on the American camp. The victorious army pitched their tents close by, and their sentries were but a stone's throw from the American lines. By dawn, Washington went the rounds with words of sympathy and encouragement. The skies were lowering. Both soldiers and officers were fatigued and dispirited. A reinforcement crossed from New York in the forenoon, among which was a Massachusetts regiment of Marblehead sailors and fishermen, dressed in their blue jackets and trousers, hardy and weather-proof, fresh and full of spirits. There were several skirmishes through the day, but a drenching rain drove the English to their tents.

The next day a dense fog covered the island, and every thing was wrapped in gloomy uncertainty. An officer rode out to reconnoitre, and the fog lifting an instant, a great stir was discovered among the enemy's ships. What did it betoken? The little army were in a most perilous position, an easy prey to the victors. What was to be done? Effect a retreat, if possible. Washington despatched a trusty messenger to impress every boat, water craft of every kind, far and near, and have them by evening at the ferry-ways. The utmost secrecy was necessary, and the fog was their best friend.

Meantime orders were issued to prepare for a night attack upon the enemy. Many a poor soldier made his will. Sentries were posted round the camp as usual. When darkness set in, "Retreat," and not "Attack," was sent from line to line. In case of discovery, Brooklyn church was to be the rallying spot, a stand made, and if attacked, "To arms! to arms!"

A muffled tramp, a stifled murmur rose from the camp as regiment after regiment moved off, which gradually died away in the direction of the ferry. The boats were in waiting. Boat after boat, loaded to the gunwale, pushed from the shore. The Massachusetts fishermen were in their element. They manned the boats, plied the oars, unfurled the sails, and made the most of every passing breeze. Artillery, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses, carts, and nine thousand men were to be withdrawn from the face of a large and victorious army, encamped so near that every stroke of the pickaxe in their trenches could be plainly heard, and a river three-quarters of a mile wide, swept by rapid tides, was to be crossed; the least alarm might bring the enemy upon them, and produce a terrible scene of carnage and confusion.

Every thing was staked on a muffled and hurried night march. Washington was at the ferry superintending every movement. For forty-eight hours



he never closed his eyes, and was most of the time on horseback. Night wore away. The English army slept soundly in the fog. At last, every picket and sentinel was called in, and by day-dawn, Washington, the last man to enter the boat, crossed the river in safety.

The astonishment of the English may well be conceived. A woman living by the ferry, traitorous to her country, determined to alarm the Eng-

lish. Before the first boat-load left the landing, she secretly sent off her negro servant to the enemy's lines. Dodging the American sentinels, he reached the picket guard of the English. But the guard proved to be a Hessian, who, not understanding our language, seized the man for a spy. He was kept close till daybreak, when an English officer visiting the post, was astonished at hearing the black man's story. An alarm was instantly given, and the troops called to arms. A body of soldiers climbing cautiously up the breastworks of the patriot army, found the camp indeed deserted. Advanced parties hurried to the ferry, where the friendly fog, having done its service, cleared away, and showed the rear-boats of the retreating patriots already beyond the musket shot of their foes.

For The Child's Paper.

THE SABBATH FIRE.

"Can that be fire?" was our exclamation as we were startled by the loud, quick tones of the village bell. It was the afternoon of the Lord's day, so warm and mild that scarcely a breath stirred the foliage around, and nature seemed reposing in the calm of the Christian Sabbath. "Strange! What can have caused a fire to-day?" said men and women as they ran in haste to learn who of their fellow-citizens was in peril. "It's Mr. Nye's barn," was echoed through the crowd, as it pressed to the spot where the engine was already pouring its columns of water upon the flames. "It is well it is so far from the house, and there is no wind," said one. "The barn was a good one, and it's a pity; but they've got the horses out, and saved the harness too, and I don't think there was much else of value in it."

The fiery tongues shot up into the clear atmosphere around, ran about the frail structure of wood, and burst forth in every corner, baffling the utmost efforts of the firemen. The timbers soon fell to the ground, revealing the burning mass within, upon which the spouts of water were still poured. A shriek, which told a tale of agony in its loud, wild burst, startled every ear, and Mrs. Nye was seen rushing frantically towards the burning wreck. Men caught and held her back, while she struggled and wildly screamed, "My boy, my boy! Oh, Louis!" How every mother's heart beat in sorrowful sympathy, when from one to another the terrible tidings spread, "Louis Nye was in the barn, and must be burned to death!" It was too late to save; no one could penetrate those flames and live; yet the distracted father pushed his way closer, and ran like one bereft of reason around the ruins. Stout, brave hearts sought to assist him, and the engine redoubled its efforts; but all in vain. Mrs. Nye was carried to her room in strong convulsions, and brothers and sisters wrung their hands and sobbed in agony.

Mr. and Mrs. Nye were members of a Christian church, and had that day attended public worship with a part of their family. In the village where they resided, services were held only in the forenoons and evenings; the afternoons were devoted to the Sabbath-schools of the various churches, each meeting in its respective place. Mr. Nye's children attended when they chose, but no pains were taken to send them as regular scholars. If they preferred to stay at home or go to walk, it was all right in their sight; each did as they were disposed. On the afternoon of this eventful Sabbath Mr. and Mrs. Nye, as was frequently the case, laid themselves down to enjoy a comfortable nap. The elder children resorted to the Sabbath-school, one or two went out to walk; Louis, a boy of six years, with the youngest, Freddie, aged three, sat down in the back door to "play make cigars." So as all was quiet, the parents threw off care, and gave themselves up to rest.

From the very first of the alarm no one remembered to have seen Louis; no sound nor groan had been heard; and when the parents awoke at the cry of fire, and saw their youngest in the yard, no thought occurred that the other was missing. As the flames rose higher and higher, little Freddie ran to his mother with the question,

"Did Louy come out de fire?" "Why, where was Louy? in the barn?" "Yes, he up in de mow;" and then the mother sped towards the flames, vainly struggling to save the lost. Some friends questioned the child respecting his brother, but he was too young to give satisfactory replies. All that could be elicited was, that "Louy went in de barn—play light 'gar—'moked bad—hurt eyes—tould n't tay wid Louy—me tome down—Louy fall down—'oll all 'bout." From these it appeared evident that in lighting the "make-believe cigar," Louy had set the hay on fire, and became suffocated with the smoke. The only drop of relief the bereaved family could find in their cup of sorrow was the hope that Louis had been rendered insensible before the flames began to prey upon his mortal part.

The warning and the lesson contained in this sad event must be obvious to every mind. Had the parents of Louis Nye been faithful to their charge, his death in so terrible a manner would not have taken place, nor would that Sabbath have stood out so sorrowful a memento in their life's history.

E. S. C.



WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR WILD OATS.

"A boy must sow his wild oats." In all the wide range of English maxims there is perhaps not one, take it all in all, worse than this. Look at it on what side you will, it is a bad one. "Whatsoever a man soweth," be he young, old, or middle-aged, "that shall he also reap." So says the word of God. The one only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to ashes, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will surely come, with long tough roots like couch-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you will have to reap them. No common reaping will get them out of the soil; it will have to be dug down deep, again and again; and well for you, if with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again before your dying day.

For The Child's Paper.

THE IRON BOOT.

"There's poor Johnny Truman with his iron boot. I think it is real cruel in his mother making him wear it when he hates to."

An iron boot! A boot with no give to it must be terribly cramping. How hard to the soft flesh; how rigid to the flexible muscles! Can the joints turn on their sockets? With an iron boot on, can a boy play? Can he run? It must be dragging work even to walk. Poor Johnny! Did his mother put it on for a punishment? Did she do it to fetter him, as Mr. Day does his horse to hinder him from running away?

"Oh, mother," cries Johnny, "do take this iron boot off. It almost kills me. I don't care if I am lame. I don't care if my legs are crooked. I

don't care if my ankle is out of joint. I don't care how I am when I grow up. All I want is this off now;" and Johnny worried and fretted until almost the whole house was out of patience. He behaved as if his mother made him wear it on purpose to trouble him. Did she? Oh, no, no.

The bones in the little boy's right foot and ankle were soft. He had a disease called the rickets. The bones bent and were growing out of their proper proportions, when his mother consulted a physician, who put his foot into an iron boot. It was done to support the bones, and keep them in place, until they should grow strong and healthy as bones in general. But Johnny had no faith. He did not believe it would do any good. He was sure, he said, it was no use; and therefore, instead of trusting his mother and doctor, and trying to be patient, he kept complaining. "Why don't you pull it off, and let him take the consequences?" said a woman, quite worn out by Johnny's unreasonable conduct; "I would."

His mother looked grieved; but with eyes of pitying affection she stroked her little boy's hair, and said, "I must act for the future good of my child. Johnny will one day thank me for it. If he would not dwell on it so, it would not be so hard to bear. Johnny has a great deal to make him good and happy in spite of his iron boot, and that went last long." Johnny hung down his head. He felt a little ashamed, for he well knew in how many thousand ways his mother tried to soothe and make him happy; and as for the boot, it was only for his good.

This year of sorrow and discipline at length passed away, and Johnny grew up to be a tall, handsome man, with strong limbs and a firm tread. And what do you think he oftenest said to his mother? "Mother, I can't be too thankful that you persisted in making me wear that iron boot. I should have been a poor cripple to-day but for you, mother, who bore so patiently with my complaining."

Have you an iron boot on, my dear child? Every little trial which you have—and children have their trials—is the iron boot which your Father in heaven puts on you.

Many a time you feel it pinching, and are ready to cry. Do you fret and worry, and try to kick it off? Such conduct grieves God. He wants you to trust him and be patient. And as in numberless other ways he tries to make you happy, he desires you to dwell on the mercies which crown your days. That will cause you to exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name," and make you happy, very happy, in spite of trial. By and by you will know why he tries you, and see and acknowledge how good and gracious were his purposes in every iron boot he caused you to wear.

For The Child's Paper.

THE BETTER WAY.

A little boy was one day sent to an apothecary's for some medicine. He was gone a long while, so long that his mother directed somebody to go after him; but he came at last.

"Oh, my child," she exclaimed, "where have you been? Why were you gone so long? Tell me."

Edward was frightened. His first thought was to make an excuse—to make a lying excuse—to say the doctor kept him; for it is not pleasant to be blamed or to suffer in consequence of our faults.

"No, no, child," said the still small voice within, "for the world do not try to deceive. God sees you, and lying lips are an abomination to the Lord. Besides, your mother will one day find it out. In the judgment-day every thing will be known. Be careful, above all things, not to make lying excuses."

Edward heard the still small voice, and he was glad he did. "Mother," he said firmly, "I stopped to play by the way. It was naughty and thoughtless in me. Forgive me, mother, and I will try to do better next time. I am very sorry."



THE LITTLE ONE.

And is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?

That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless "little one?"

Oh yes, I've heard my mother say
He never sent a child away
That scarce could walk or run;
For when the parent's love besought
That he would touch the child she brought,
He blessed the "little one."

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though merit I have none;
May now be folded in his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his "little one."

Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ hath done?
Then, if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him, and say,
Lord, bless thy "little one."

Thus, by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his,
Who loves the "little one."

For The Child's Paper.

WASHINGTON'S CARE OF HIS SOLDIERS.

"Let vice and immorality of every kind be discouraged as much as possible in your brigade," he writes in a circular to his generals; "and as a chaplain is allowed to each regiment, see that the men regularly attend divine worship. Gaming of every kind is expressly forbidden, as being the foundation of evil and the cause of many a brave man's ruin."

Again he writes, "That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship as well as to rest, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays except on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked habit of profane cursing and swearing, a sin heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, strive to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hopes of the blessing of God on our arms, if we insult him by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

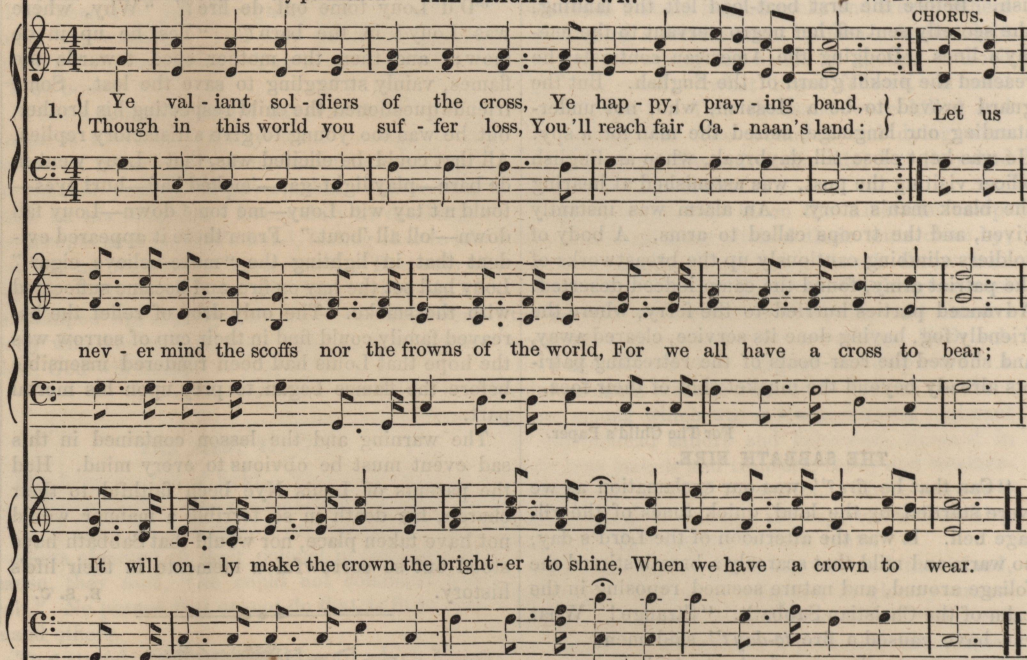
Having heard that sectional jealousies had arisen, the general most earnestly entreated that "the provinces sink all distinctions in the name of American. To make this name honorable, and to preserve the liberty of our country, ought to be our only emulation; and he will be the best soldier and the best patriot who contributes most to this glorious work, whatever may be his station, or from whatever part of the country he may come."

When the Declaration of Independence was issued in 1776, no one hailed it with greater joy than Washington, who immediately caused it to be read at the head of every brigade of the army.

From "THE GOLDEN CHAIN." By permission. THE BRIGHT CROWN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.



2. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view;
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
CHORUS. Let us never, etc.

3. Oh what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at home;
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done!"
CHORUS. Let us never, etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by W. B. Bradbury, in the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York.

He was quartered in New York at the time, and the New Yorkers, not contented with ringing and firing their demonstrations of joy, determined to make an onslaught upon the statue of King George, which stood in the Bowling-green. It was pulled down, hacked to pieces, and as it was made of lead, was sent to be run into bullets for the patriot's cause. Washington, learning that some of his soldiers were engaged in this riot, was deeply grieved; for it was his great and constant aim to inspire them with his own elevated idea of the cause for which they were fighting, and to make them feel it was no common war, admitting of vulgar passions and riotous excitements. "The General hopes and trusts," he says, "that every officer and man will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

For The Child's Paper.

"WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A little three year old girl stood at the window one pleasant Sabbath, "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming; and as he entered the door, she raised her dark eyes to him, and said, "Papa, what did Mr. R— preach about this morning?" Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus." "Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked. "Yes," said her father, "it was our Jesus." The dark eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and talked about him to his congregation.

Do you, my dear child, claim this Jesus as yours? I hope so, for it is a most blessed thought that every little girl and boy may have him for their own Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room, *ever room* in his affection for you, and as many others as will ask him to care for them. "They brought young children to him, . . . and he took them up in his arms, and blessed them." Mark 10:13, 16.

H. M. P.

A SWEET ANSWER.

A teacher once overheard the following conversation between two little girls in a female seminary. Sarah had just returned after vacation, and Sophy was looking on with eager interest as she was unpacking her trunk.

SOPHY. Why, Sallie W—, I should not think you would be willing to wear such plain cambric pantalettes. Do step into my room, and let me show you mine. The work is so *deep*, and French embroidery almost all of it.

SARAH. Oh, it is no matter for me to see them now. I suppose that your father is wealthy; isn't he?

SOPHY. Yes, indeed. He is one of the richest men in Boston. Our house is *splendid*. I wish you could see it.

Little Sarah then gave this sweet answer to the proud girl: "Well, I know my panties are plain, but my father is dead, and mother is not wealthy. She gets me such things as she can afford, and I am satisfied."

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